

CONAN THE  
BARBARIAN

15¢



4

APR

THE GREATEST SWORD-AND-SORCERY HERO OF ALL!

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE



AUTHORITY

# CONAN

## THE BARBARIAN



TMI

**MARVEL**  
COMICS  
GROUP





# CONAN THE BARBARIAN!

TORCHES FLARE MURKILY IN THE  
MAEL THIS NIGHT... WHERE CER-  
TAIN DENIZENS OF AREN'JUN,  
THIEF-CITY OF ZAMORA, HOLD  
THEIR ROARING REVELS.

STEEL GLINTS IN THE SHADOWS,  
WHERE RISES THE SHRILL LAUGHTER  
OF WOMEN... AND SNATCHES OF  
BOISTEROUS SONG RUSH OUT THRU  
WIDE-THROWN DOORS.

WHILE, HIGH ABOVE THE REST OF  
THE CITY... ITS JEWELLED RIM  
GLITTERING IN THE STARLIGHT...  
LOOKS DOWN THE SILENT, SHIMMER-  
ING SHAFT WHICH MEN CALL...



## THE TOWER OF THE ELEPHANT!

STAN LEE EDITOR • ROY THOMAS WRITER • BARRY SMITH ARTIST • SAL BUSCEMA INKER • SAM ROSEN LETTERER

AND, IN ONE OF THE DENS BELOW, MERRIMENT THUNDERS TO THE LOW, SMOKE-STAINED ROOF, AS  
CUT-THROATS AND RASCALS OF ALL NATIONS LISTEN TO THE BAWDY JESTS OF A FAT, GROSS ROGUE... A  
PROFESSIONAL ABDUCTOR COME UP FROM DISTANT KOTH TO TEACH WOMAN-STEALING TO ZAMORIANS  
WHO WERE BORN WITH MORE KNOWLEDGE OF THE ART THAN HE COULD EVER HOPE TO ATTAIN...



ADAPTED FROM THE STORY BY  
ROBERT E. HOWARD

\* NOMINATED FOR BEST STORY, 1972,  
BY THE ACADEMY OF COMIC-BOOK ARTS









**LISTEN, BARBARIAN... FOR SUCH I SEE YOU ARE... THERE ARE MORE THIEVES IN ARENJUN THAN ANYWHERE ELSE IN THE WORLD.**

**IF MORTAL MAN COULD STEAL YARA'S GEM, BE SURE IT WOULD HAVE BEEN FILCHED LONG AGO!**

**AYE! THERE MAY BE NO HUMAN GUARDS IN YARA'S GARDENS.**

**BUT THERE ARE SOLDIERS IN THE LOWER PART OF THE TOWER...**

**...WHILE THE JEWEL IS KEPT SOMEWHERE HIGH ABOVE.**



**THERE IS ALWAYS A WAY...**

**...IF THE DESIRE BE COUPLED WITH COURAGE.**



**BUT IF A MAN COULD PASS THRU THE GARDENS...**

**WHY COULD HE NOT SCALE THE TOWER, AND THUS AVOID THE SOLDIERS?**

**ARE YOU AN EAGLE, BOY, TO CLIMB A TOWER WITH SIDES LIKE POLISHED GLASS?**

**I REPEAT... THERE IS NO WAY THE GEM CAN BE STOLEN.**



**WHAT? YOU DARE TELL US OUR BUSINESS, AND THEN INTIMATE THAT WE ARE COWARDS?**

**GET ALONG! GET OUT OF MY SIGHT!**



**FIRST YOU MOCK ME... THEN YOU LAY HANDS ON ME.**

**I'LL STAND FOR NO MORE!**

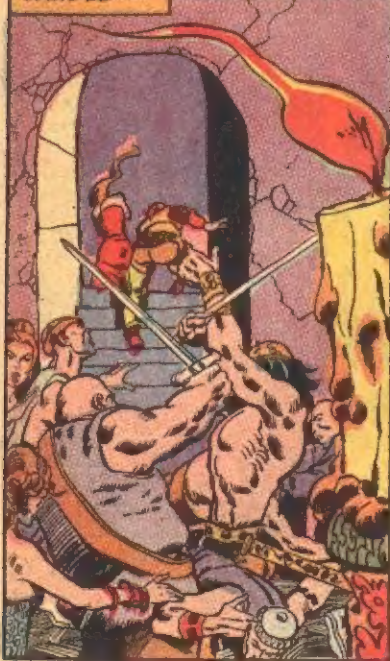


**WHY, YOU HEATHEN DOG..**

**I'LL HAVE YOUR HEART FOR THAT!**



**S**UDDENLY, STEEL FLASHES... A SWIRL OF SWORDS WHICH DIMS THE FLAME OF THE DEN'S LONE CANDLE...



...THEN, PLUNGES THE CHAMBER INTO DARKNESS BROKEN ONLY BY A SINGLE AGONIZED YELL THAT CUTS THE BLACK NIGHT LIKE A KNIFE...!



**A**T LAST, THE CANDLE IS RELIGHTED --- BUT THRONG AND BARBARIAN ALIKE HAVE VANISHED INTO THE SHADOWS, AND ---



**S**OME TIME LATER, A TALL, SILK-CLAD FORM DRAWS NIGH THE GLISTENING TOWER---



**B**UT HIS SILENT, STRANGELY SINISTER MOVEMENTS GO NOT UNNOTICED.



**O**PEN, SWINE! OPEN THE GATE, I SAY.

WHO GOES THERE?



**D**OG! DO YOU NOT KNOW THE VOICE OF YARA?

**M**UST I WORK AN ENCHANTMENT, TO PASS THRU MINE OWN PORTALS?

**A** THOUSAND THOUSAND PARDONS, GREAT YARA.

I DID NOT KNOW YOU WALKED ABROAD THIS NIGHT.

THERE IS MUCH YOU DO NOT KNOW, GUARDSMAN.



**B**EWARE LEST I TEACH YOU, IN A WAY YOU LIKE NOT.



**SHRUBBERY AND THE NEED FOR STEALTH LIMIT YOUNG CONAN'S VISION...LEAVING HIM MERELY A SENSE OF NAMELESS DREAD AS THE HIGH PRIEST PASSES SO NEAR TO HIM...**

**BUT DOUBTLESS HE WOULD FLEE IN STARK FEAR, BACK TOWARD THE WASTES OF HIS BARREN HOMELAND...**

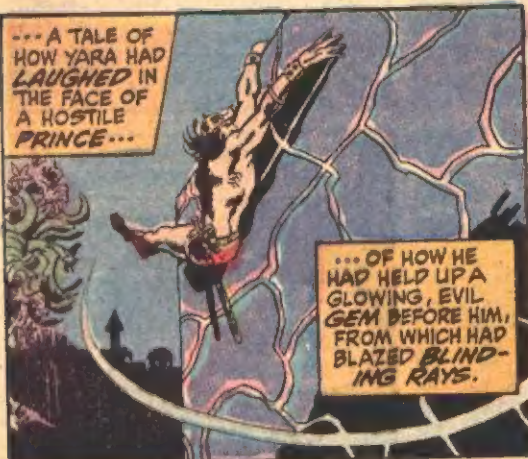


**... IF HE BEHELD THAT, WHERE YARA WALKS, HIS FEET TOUCH NOT THE GROUND.**

**YET, EVEN SO, THE CIMMERIAN'S HAIR PRICKLES AS HE RECALLS A TALE TOLD HIM BY A DRUNKEN PAGE OF THE ZAMORIAN COURT...**

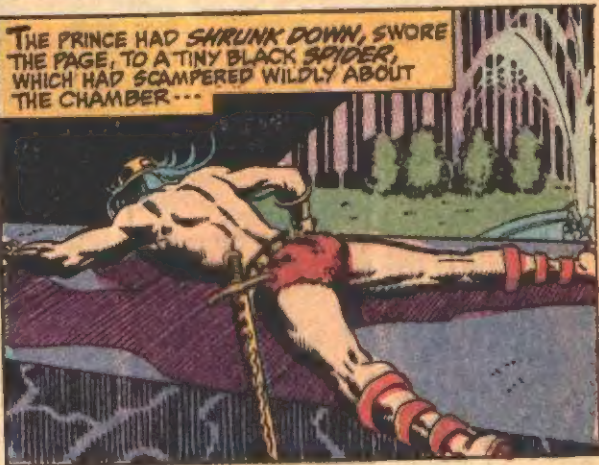


**... A TALE OF HOW YARA HAD LAUGHED IN THE FACE OF A HOSTILE PRINCE...**



**... OF HOW HE HAD HELD UP A GLOWING, EVIL GEM BEFORE HIM, FROM WHICH HAD BLAZED BLINDING RAYS.**

**THE PRINCE HAD SHRUNK DOWN, SWORE THE PAGE, TO A TINY BLACK SPIDER, WHICH HAD SCAMPERED WILDLY ABOUT THE CHAMBER...**



**... UNTIL YARA HAD SET HIS HEEL UPON IT!**



**WHAT'S THAT? A MUFFLED CRY...!?**

**IF I AM FOUND OUT, I'LL DIE ATOP A HEAP OF MY FOES!**





**BUT SILENCE**  
 DRAPES THE  
 MYSTERIOUS  
 GARDENS LIKE A  
 SHROUD... SO  
 CONAN LOPES  
 TOWARD SOME  
 SHELTERING  
 SHRUBBERY...

...ONLY TO TRIP OVER A CRUMPLED  
 FORM WHICH LIES QUITE STILL...!

WHAT IN  
 THE NAME OF  
 THE  
 GODS?

BY  
 CROM!

IT'S THE  
 GUARD I  
 BEHELD AT  
 THE GATE,  
 MERE  
 MOMENTS  
 AGO.

UNKNOWN  
 HANDS HAVE  
 CHOKED OUT  
 HIS LIFE.

NOW WHAT  
 ASSAILS MY  
 EARS?

A STEALTHY  
 FOOTFALL...  
 AMID THE  
 SHRUBS NEAR  
 THE WALL!

HO, FELLOW! YOU  
 ARE BULKY AND YOU  
 ARE BRAVE... BUT AT  
 LEAST YOU ARE  
 HUMAN.

STAND TO, OR  
 I'LL RUN YOU THRU  
 WITH GOOD  
 BRYTHUNIAN  
 STEEL.

YOU ARE NO  
 SOLDIER,  
 AS I FEARED.

YOU ARE A  
 THIEF LIKE  
 MYSELF... LIKE  
 TAURUS OF  
 NEMEDIA.

I'VE HEARD OF YOU. MEN CALL  
 YOU A PRINCE OF THIEVES.

AND I'VE EARNED  
 THE TITLE A THOUSAND  
 TIMES O'ER... BUT WHO  
 ARE YOU?

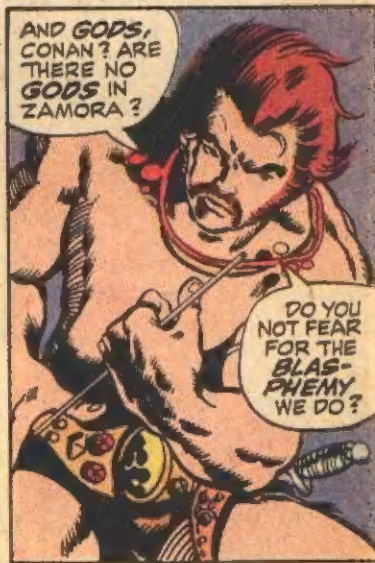
I AM CONAN,  
 A CIMMERIAN...  
 AND I CAME SEEK-  
 ING A WAY TO  
 STEAL YARA'S  
 JEWEL...

...THAT WHICH MEN  
 CALL THE ELEPHANT'S  
 HEART.

HAN! BY BEL,  
 GOD OF ALL  
 THIEVES!

I HAD  
 THOUGHT  
 THAT ONLY  
 I HAD  
 COURAGE  
 ENOUGH TO  
 ATTEMPT  
 THAT BIT  
 OF POACH-  
 ING.

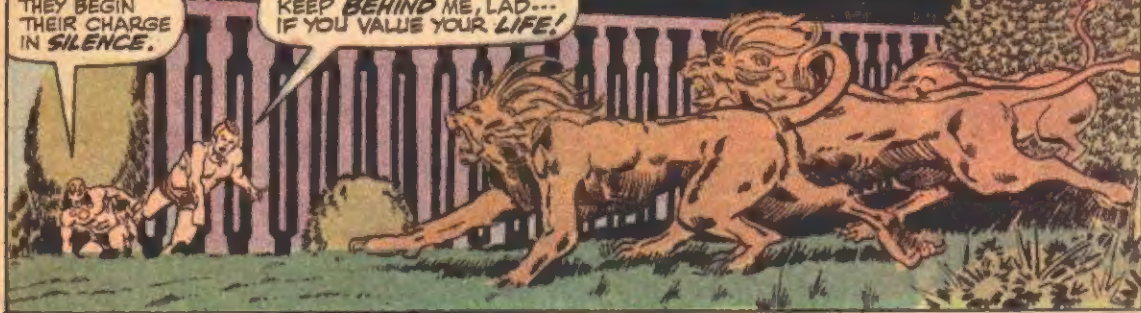






THEY BEGIN  
THEIR CHARGE  
IN **SILENCE**.

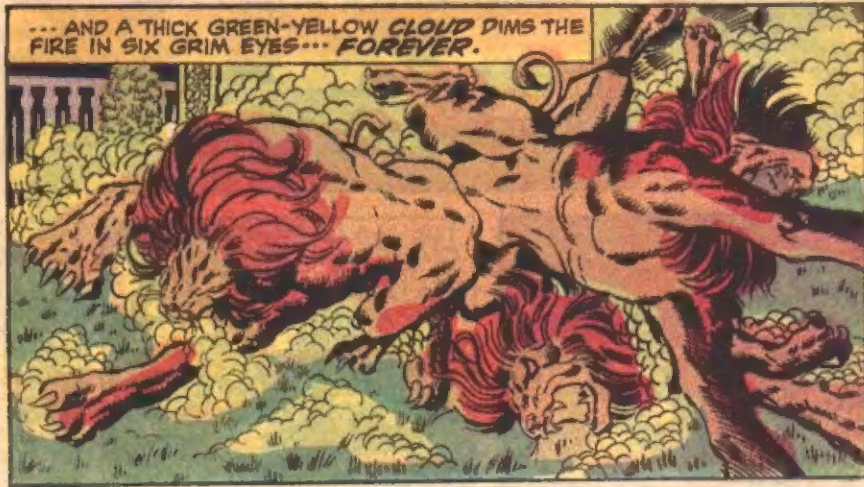
KEEP **BEHIND ME, LAD...**  
IF YOU **VALUE YOUR LIFE!**



THEN, THE NEMEDIAN  
BLOWS POWERFULLY  
THRU THE **TUBE**  
WHICH HE HAS FOND-  
LY BRANDISHED---



... AND A THICK GREEN-YELLOW CLOUD DIMS THE  
FIRE IN SIX GRIM EYES... **FOREVER.**



THEY **DIED**  
WITHOUT A  
WHIMPER.

TAURUS, WHAT  
WAS THAT  
POWDER?

IT WAS MADE  
FROM THE  
MYSTERIOUS  
**BLACK LOTUS.**

BUT THAT WAS  
**ALL I POSSESSED**  
--- I, OR ANY MAN  
EAST OF **KHITAI.**

FROM  
HERE ON,  
WE ARE  
ON OUR  
**OWN.**

BUT **COME,**  
IN **BEL'S NAME,**  
THE NIGHT  
GROWS **OLD.**



**HOLD!**

**AH! LUCK**  
THE  
**FIRST**  
**CAST!**  
I--



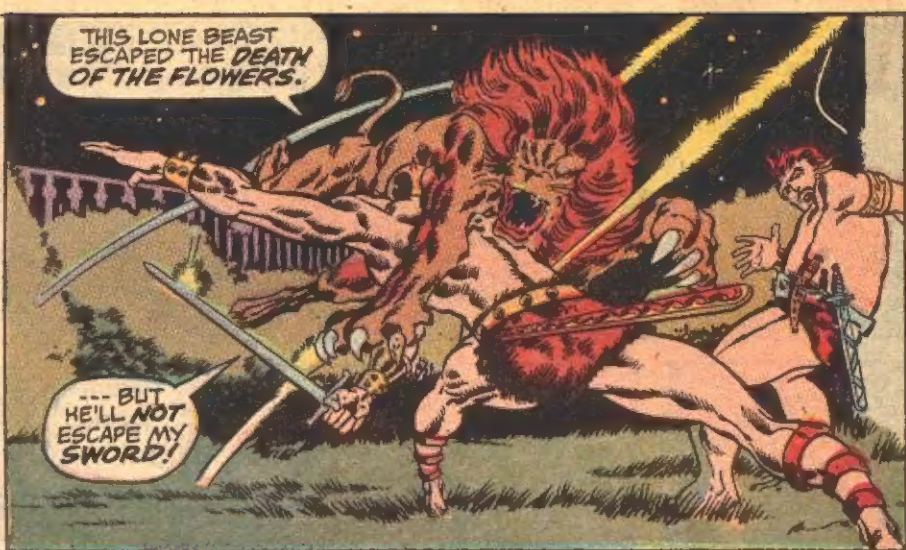
IT IS CONAN'S SAVAGE INSTINCTS WHICH MAKE HIM SUDDENLY WHEEL...



... FOR THE DEATH WHICH IS UPON THEM MAKES NO SOUND!

THIS LONE BEAST ESCAPED THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

... BUT HE'LL NOT ESCAPE MY SWORD!



ROAR AS YOU DIE, BLAST YOU! WHY DON'T YOU ROAR??



THAT WAS AS CLOSE A CALL AS I'VE HAD, IN A LIFE NO-WAYS TAME.

ALL THINGS ARE STRANGE IN THIS GARDEN.

THE LIONS STRIKE QUIETLY-- AS DO OTHER DOOMS.



BUT--THE SOLDIERS WITHIN MAY HAVE HEARD THAT SCUFFLE. COME!

ON THAT KNOTTED WISP? WILL IT BEAR MY WEIGHT?

IT WILL BEAR THRICE MY OWN, LAD.



NOW CLIMB! MEN SAY THAT YARA HAS LIVED FOR CENTURIES BECAUSE OF THE ELEPHANT'S HEART GEM...

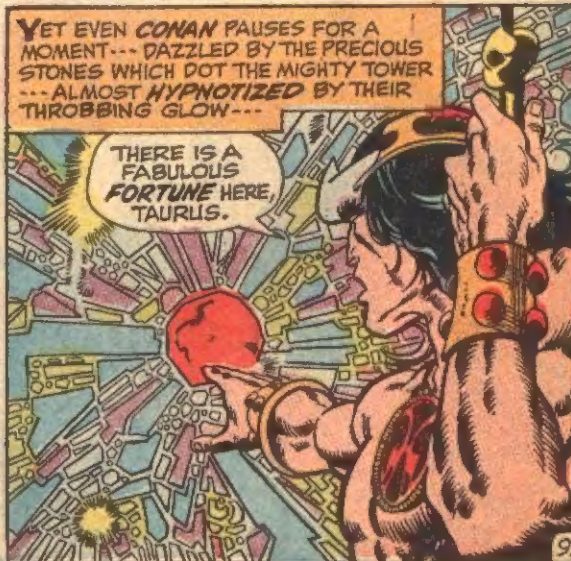
... BUT EVEN HE CANNOT WAIT FOREVER FOR US TO COME STEAL IT.

HE NEED NOT WAIT MUCH LONGER, BY CROM.



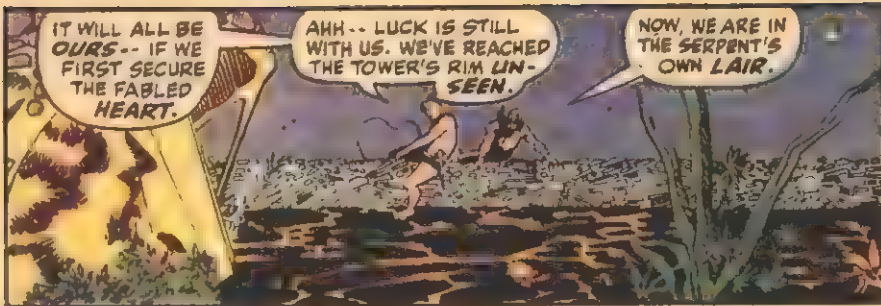
YET EVEN CONAN PAUSES FOR A MOMENT-- DAZZLED BY THE PRECIOUS STONES WHICH DOT THE MIGHTY TOWER-- ALMOST HYPNOTIZED BY THEIR THROBBING GLOW--

THERE IS A FABULOUS FORTUNE HERE, TAURLIS.



CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

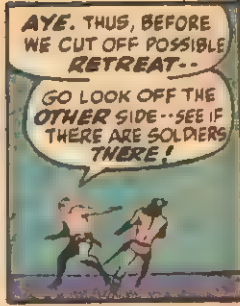




IT WILL ALL BE OURS-- IF WE FIRST SECURE THE FABLED HEART.

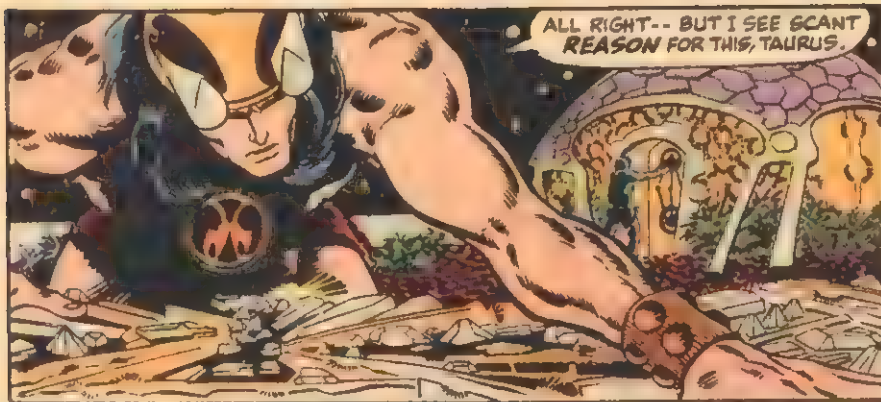
AHH-- LUCK IS STILL WITH US. WE'VE REACHED THE TOWER'S RIM UN-SEEN.

NOW, WE ARE IN THE SERPENT'S OWN LAIR.



AYE. THUS, BEFORE WE CUT OFF POSSIBLE RETREAT--

GO LOOK OFF THE OTHER SIDE--SEE IF THERE ARE SOLDIERS THERE!



ALL RIGHT-- BUT I SEE SCANT REASON FOR THIS, TAURUS.

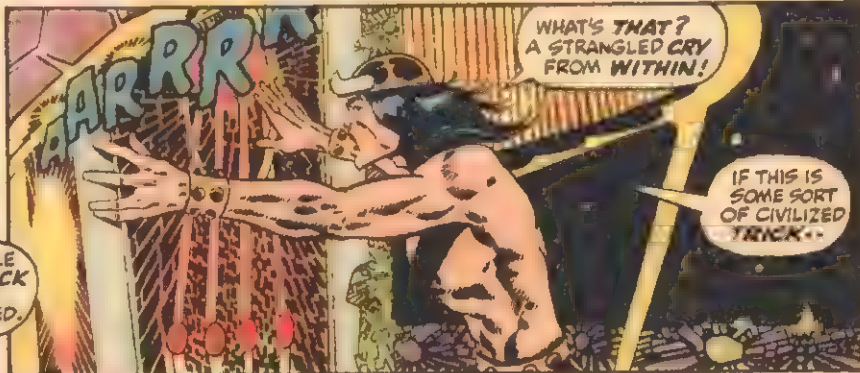


TAURUS--?



HE WENT THRU THAT DOOR-- INTO THE DOME--

--WHILE MY BACK WAS TURNED.



WHAT'S THAT? A STRANGLER'S CRY FROM WITHIN!

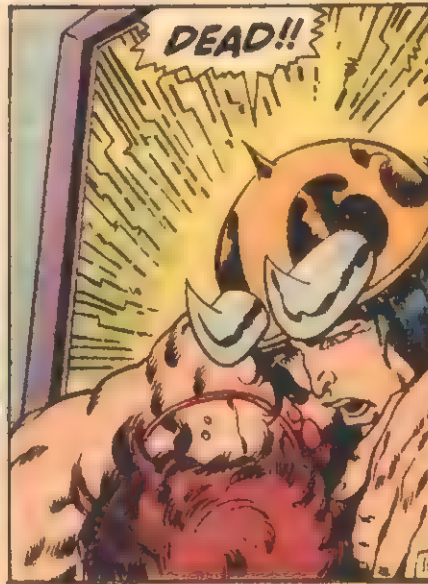
IF THIS IS SOME SORT OF CIVILIZED TRICK--



TAURUS!!

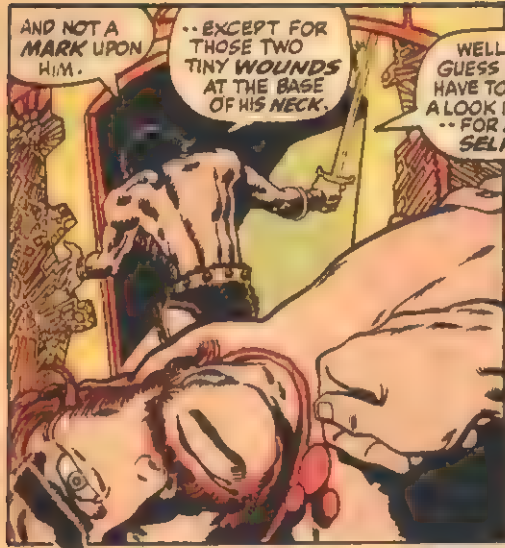


WHAT'S WRONG, MAN? WHAT'S INSIDE THERE--?



DEAD!!

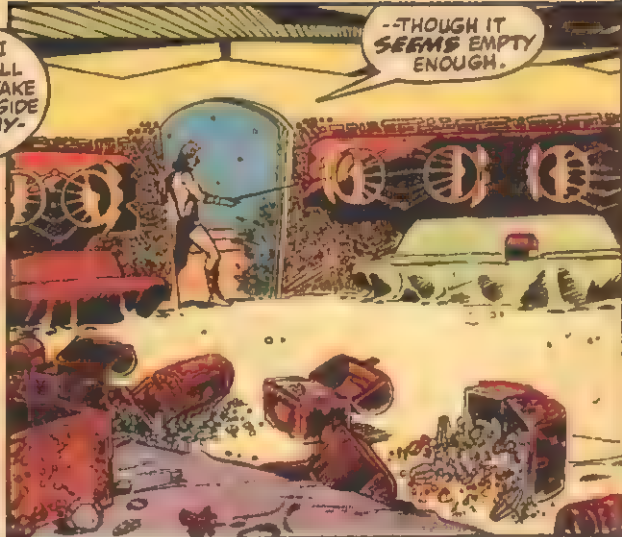




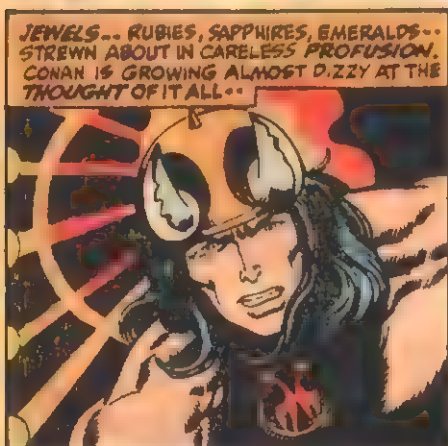
AND NOT A MARK UPON HIM.

--EXCEPT FOR THOSE TWO TINY WOUNDS AT THE BASE OF HIS NECK.

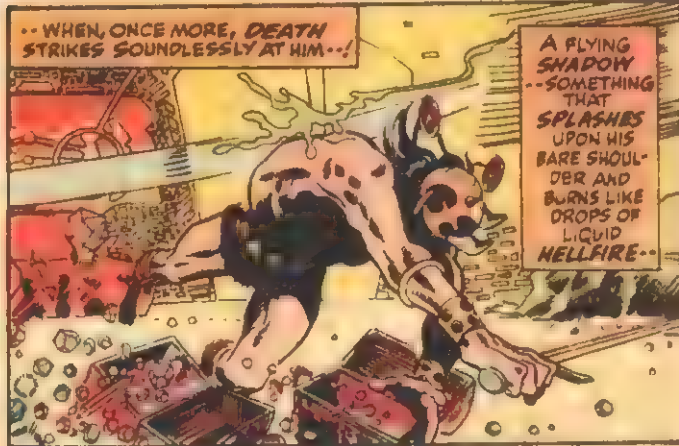
WELL, I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO TAKE A LOOK INSIDE --FOR MYSELF.



--THOUGH IT SEEMS EMPTY ENOUGH.

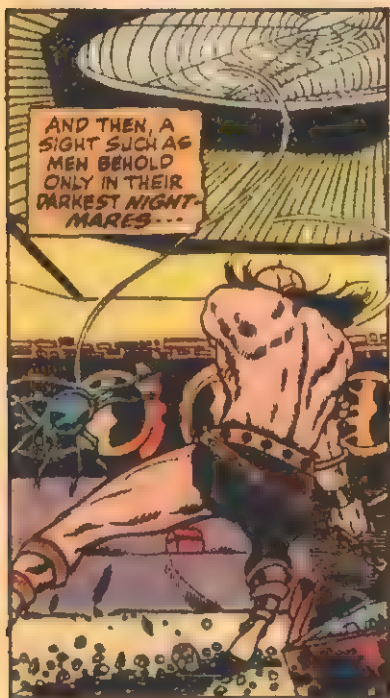


JEWELS-- RUBIES, SAPPHIRES, EMERALDS-- STREWN ABOUT IN CARELESS PROFUSION. CONAN IS GROWING ALMOST DIZZY AT THE THOUGHT OF IT ALL--



--WHEN, ONCE MORE, DEATH STRIKES SOUNDLESSLY AT HIM--!

A FLYING SHADOW --SOMETHING THAT SPLASHES UPON HIS BARE SHOULDER AND BURNS LIKE DROPS OF LIQUID HELLFIRE--



AND THEN, A SIGHT SUCH AS MEN BEHOLD ONLY IN THEIR DARKEST NIGHT-MARES--



A GIGANTIC BLACK SPIDER-- ITS FOUR EYES GLEAMING WITH AN EVIL INTELLIGENCE, ITS GREAT FANGS DRIPPING VENOM!

FOR, YOU SEE, THE UPPER CHAMBER IS GUARDED, AFTER ALL.



THEN-- THE MONSTER LEAPS AGAIN--



BENEATH THE SHUDDERING  
IMPACT, THE SWORD FLIES  
FROM CONAN'S HAND--

--AS STRANDS OF  
FETID WEBBING  
DRAPE ACROSS  
THE YOUNG  
BARBARIAN'S  
WRITHING  
FORM--

--STRANDS WHICH  
GRIP HIM LIKE THE  
COILS OF THE FABLED  
PYTHON.

THEN, ONE FINAL LUNGE--

SO, YOU  
HAIRY DEVIL  
--YOU GUARD  
THIS BOOTY,  
DO YOU?

WELL THEN--  
YOU CAN  
HAVE IT!

DEAD!  
AND I WONDER  
WHO YOU WERE,  
MONSTER--

--BEFORE YARA  
SET HIS SPIDER-  
SPELL ON YOU.

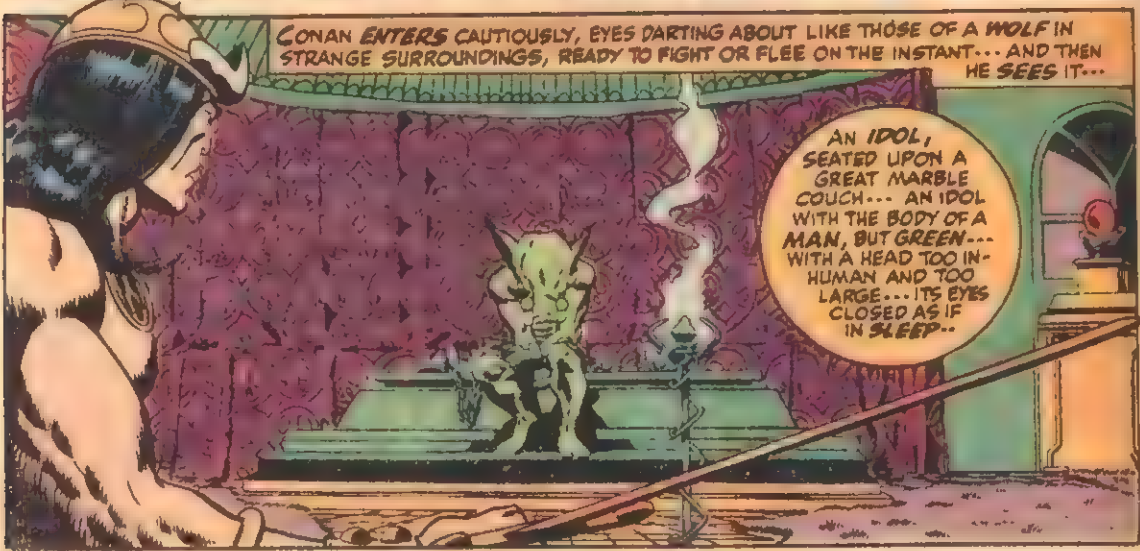
HUHHN--  
I DIDN'T  
NOTICE  
THIS DOOR  
BEFORE.

MIGHT AS  
WELL FIND  
OUT WHERE  
IT LEADS.





AN IVORY DOOR  
THAT SWINGS  
SILENTLY INWARD  
--FROM WITHIN,  
THE EXOTIC  
SCENT OF  
INCENSE...



CONAN ENTERS CAUTIOUSLY, EYES DARTING ABOUT LIKE THOSE OF A WOLF IN STRANGE SURROUNDINGS, READY TO FIGHT OR FLEE ON THE INSTANT... AND THEN HE SEES IT...

AN IDOL,  
SEATED UPON A  
GREAT MARBLE  
COUCH... AN IDOL  
WITH THE BODY OF A  
MAN, BUT GREEN...  
WITH A HEAD TOO IN-  
HUMAN AND TOO  
LARGE... ITS EYES  
CLOSED AS IF  
IN SLEEP...



AND THEN...



THOSE EYES...

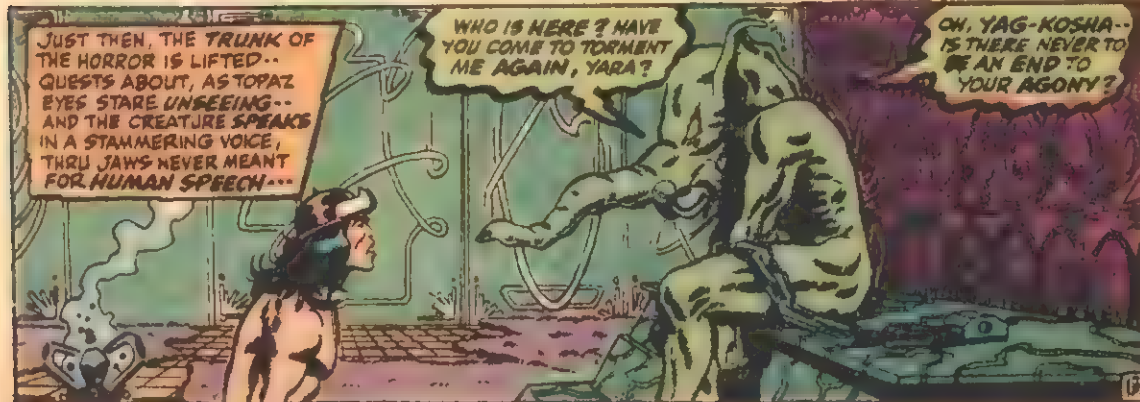


--OPEN!

PARALYZED WITH TERROR--  
HELD FAST BY FEAR-- THE  
CIMMERIAN FREEZES IN  
HIS TRACKS. THIS IS NO  
IDOL, BUT A LIVING THING--



--AND HE IS TRAPPED  
WITHIN ITS CHAMBER!



JUST THEN, THE TRUNK OF  
THE HORROR IS LIFTED--  
QUESTS ABOUT, AS TOPAZ  
EYES STARE UNSEEING--  
AND THE CREATURE SPEAKS  
IN A STAMMERING VOICE,  
THRU JAWS NEVER MEANT  
FOR HUMAN SPEECH--

WHO IS HERE? HAVE  
YOU COME TO TORMENT  
ME AGAIN, YARA?

OH, YAG-KOSHA--  
IS THERE NEVER TO  
BE AN END TO  
YOUR AGONY?



AS TEARS ROLL FROM  
SIGHTLESS EYES, CONAN'S  
GAZE FALLS UPON THE  
CHAINS WHICH HOLD THE  
MONSTER-- AND SUDDENLY  
HIS FEAR AND REVULSION  
ARE REPLACED BY A  
DEEPLY- FELT PITY...

I AM NOT YARA.  
I AM--  
ONLY A  
THIEF.  
I WILL NOT  
HARM YOU.



COME NEAR-- THAT YAG-  
KOSHA MAY TOUCH YOU.



YOU ARE NOT OF YARA'S  
RACE OF DEVILS.

THE CLEAN,  
LEAN FIERCENESS  
OF THE WASTE-  
LANDS MARKS  
YOU.

YES, FEEL  
MY TRUNK-- FOR  
I AM NEITHER GOD  
NOR DEMON-- BUT  
FLESH AND BONE  
LIKE YOURSELF.



BUT-- THERE IS  
BLOOD ON YOUR  
FINGERS.



A SPIDER  
IN THE  
CHAMBER  
ABOVE--

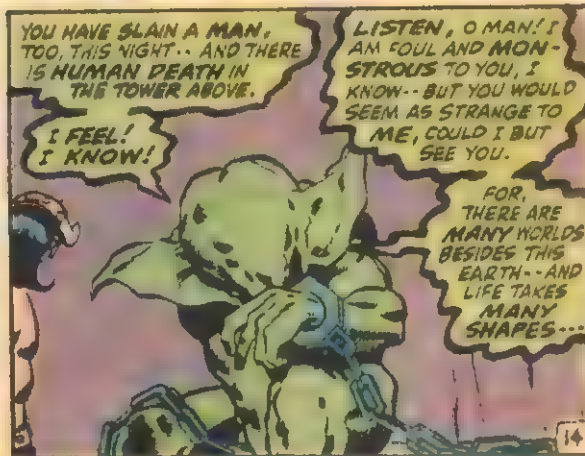
-- AND A  
LION IN THE  
GARDEN.

YOU HAVE SLAIN A MAN,  
TOO, THIS NIGHT-- AND THERE  
IS HUMAN DEATH IN  
THE TOWER ABOVE.

I FEEL!  
I KNOW!

LISTEN, O MAN! I  
AM FOUL AND MON-  
STROUS TO YOU, I  
KNOW-- BUT YOU WOULD  
SEEM AS STRANGE TO  
ME, COULD I BUT  
SEE YOU.

FOR,  
THERE ARE  
MANY WORLDS  
BESIDES THIS  
EARTH-- AND  
LIFE TAKES  
MANY  
SHAPES...





"LONG AND LONG AGO, I CAME TO THIS PLANET WITH OTHERS OF MY WORLD -- FROM THE GREEN PLANET YAG, ON THE OUTER FRINGES OF THE UNIVERSE--"

OUR MIGHTY WINGS SWEPT US THRU SPACE FAR FASTER THAN LIGHT ITSELF--

"BUT WHEN WE CAME TO THIS WORLD, OUR WINGS FELL FROM OUR SHOULDERS--"

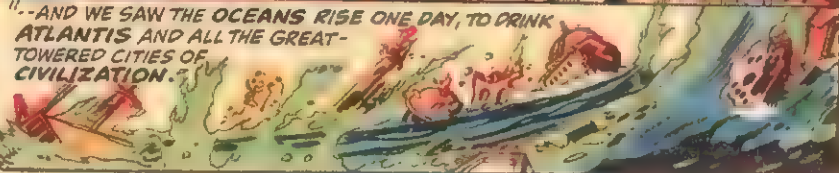
--SO THAT WE COULD NEVER LEAVE IT.

"WE FOUGHT THE STRANGE AND TERRIBLE BEASTS WHICH THEN WALKED THE EARTH-- AND WE MADE THE DIM JUNGLES OF THE EAST OUR ABODE ---"

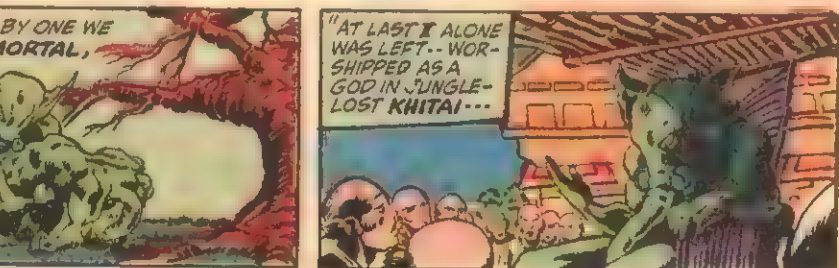
"DWELLING THUS APART, WE WATCHED MAN GROW FROM THE APE -- TO BUILD THE SHINING CITIES OF VALUSIA AND HER SISTER KINGDOMS ---"



"--AND WE SAW THE OCEANS RISE ONE DAY, TO DRINK ATLANTIS AND ALL THE GREAT-TOWERED CITIES OF CIVILIZATION--"



"ALL THIS WE SAW-- AND ONE BY ONE WE DIED-- FOR, WE ARE NOT IMMORTAL, THOUGH OUR LIVES ARE AS THE LIVES OF THE STARS THEMSELVES--"



"AT LAST I ALONE WAS LEFT-- WORSHIPPED AS A GOD IN JUNGLE-LOST KHITAI--"

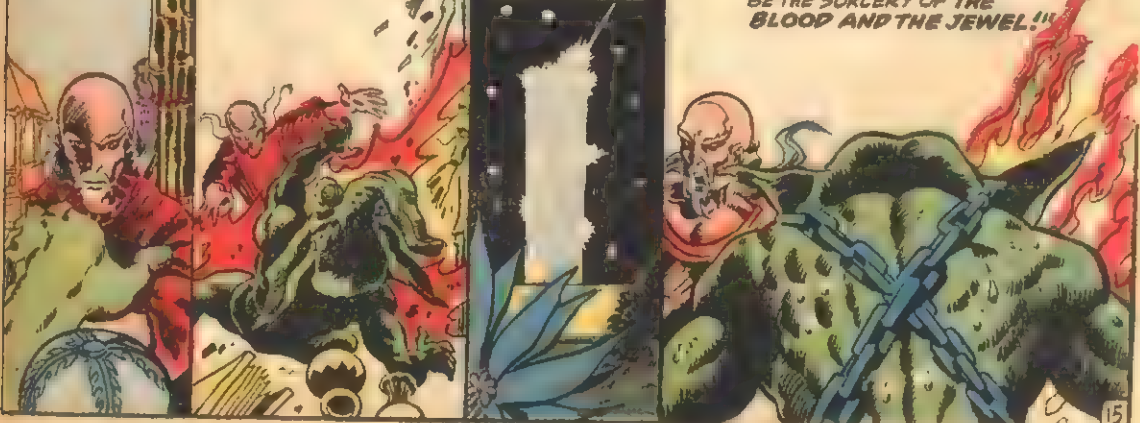
"THEN CAME YARA-- WELL VERSED IN DARK ARTS HANDED DOWN FROM DAYS OF YORE--"

"FIRST HE SAT AT MY FEET AND LEARNED WISDOM-- BUT ONE DAY, HE TURNED MY OWN POWER UPON ME-- AND ENSLAVED ME."

"HE PENT ME IN THIS TOWER WHICH AT HIS COMMAND I BUILT FOR HIM IN A SINGLE NIGHT."

"BY FIRE AND RACK HE MASTERED ME-- AND SO FOR THREE HUNDRED YEARS I HAVE DONE HIS FOUL BIDDING--"

"YET NOT ALL MY ANCIENT SECRETS HAS HE WRESTED FROM ME-- AND MY LAST GIFT SHALL BE THE SORCERY OF THE BLOOD AND THE JEWEL!"





AS THE MONSTER FINISHES HIS TALE, A STRANGE ACHING SADNESS COMES OVER CONAN-- AND HE SENSES, SOMEHOW, THAT HE IS IN THE PRESENCE OF SOME COSMIC TRAGEDY-- AND HE SHRINKS WITH SHAME, AS IF THE GUILT OF A WHOLE RACE WERE LAID UPON HIM...

BUT NOW, THE END OF MY TIME DRAWS NEAR-- AND YOU ARE THE HAND OF FATE.

I BEG OF YOU-- LOOK UPON THE GEM ON YONDER ALTAR.

AND CONAN LOOKS-- AND HE KNOWS THAT HE GAZES UPON -- THE HEART OF THE ELEPHANT.

TAKE YOUR SWORD, O MAN-- AND DRIVE IT INTO MY BREAST!

THEN, GO YOU DOWN TO THE EBONY CHAMBER WHERE YARA DREAMS... AND LAY THE GEM BEFORE HIM-- AND SAY--

"YAG-KOSHA GIVES YOU A LAST GIFT-- AND A LAST ENCHANTMENT!"

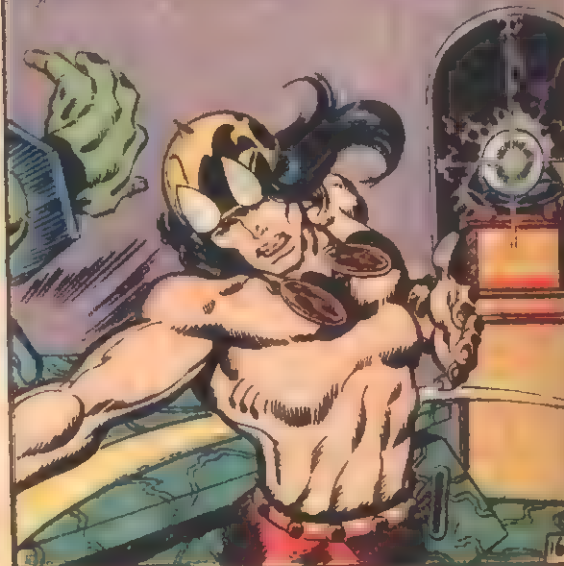
THEN FLEE THE TOWER-- QUICKLY.



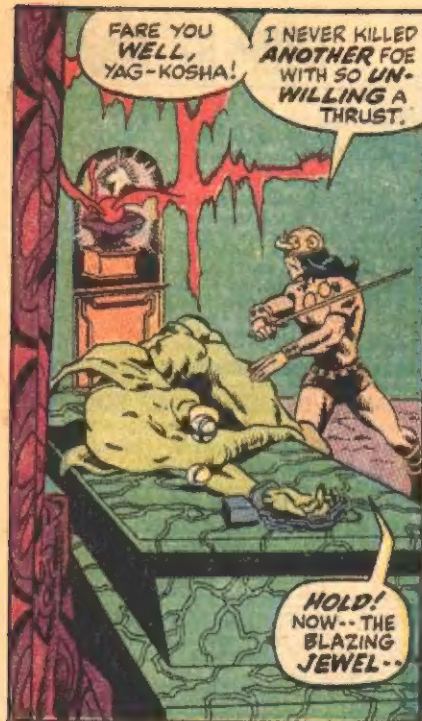
WELL? STRIKE, O MAN-- IF YOU FEEL PITY FOR YAG-KOSHA--

STRIKE!

THE BRYTHUNIAN BLADE IS HEAVY IN CONAN'S GREAT HAND-- THEN, WITHOUT A WORD, THE YOUNG BARBARIAN SETS HIS TEETH-- AND DRIVES IT DEEP--!







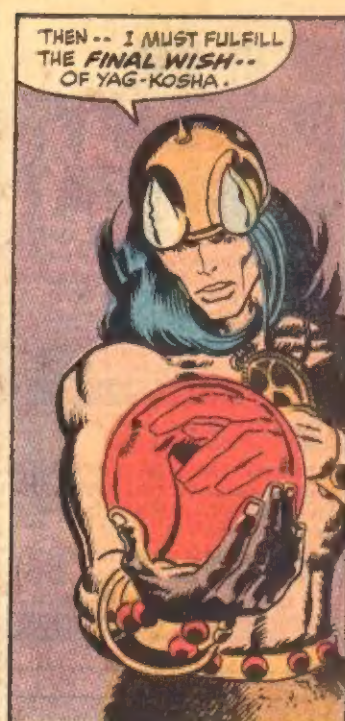
FARE YOU WELL,  
YAG-KOSHA!

I NEVER KILLED  
ANOTHER FOE  
WITH SO UN-  
WILLING A  
THRUST.

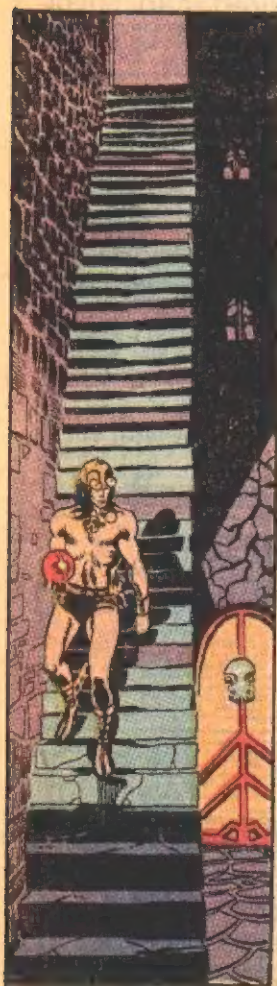
HOLD!  
NOW-- THE  
BLAZING  
JEWEL--



IT TURNS.. THE  
COLOR OF *BLOOD*!



THEN -- I MUST FULFILL  
THE *FINAL WISH*--  
OF YAG-KOSHA.



*SILENT*, HE LIES IN HIS JET-BLACK  
CHAMBER-- THE *HIGH PRIEST* AND  
*SORCERER*-- HIS EYES DILATED  
WITH THE FUMES OF THE YELLOW  
LOTUS-- *FAR-STARING*, AS IF  
FIXED ON GULFS AND NIGHTED  
ABYSSES BEYOND HUMAN KEN---



YARA!  
AWAKEN!



*DOG!*

WHO ARE  
YOU? WHAT  
DO YOU  
HERE??



WELL, CUR?  
SPEAK UP,  
BEFORE I--

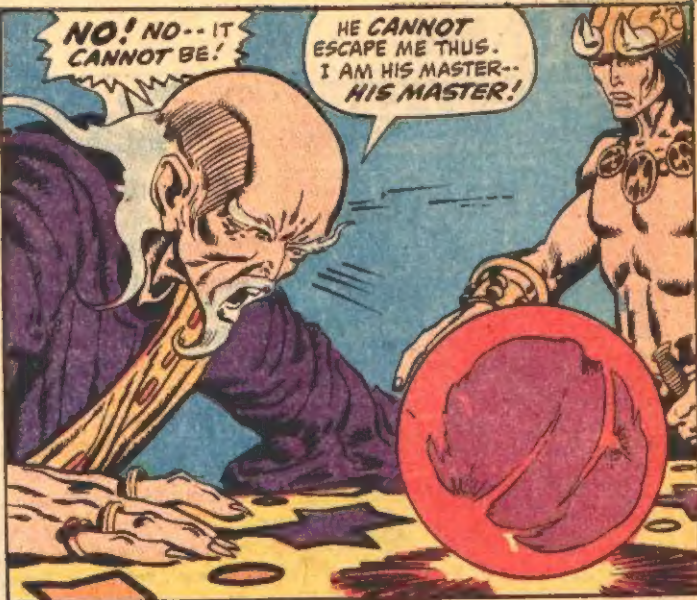
HE WHO SENT THIS  
GEM BADE ME SAY--

"YAG-KOSHA  
GIVES A LAST GIFT  
--AND A LAST EN-  
CHANTMENT!"



NO! NO-- IT  
CANNOT BE!

HE CANNOT  
ESCAPE ME THUS.  
I AM HIS MASTER--  
HIS MASTER!



LIKE A MAN IN A DREAM,  
YARA GRIPS THE MURKY JEWEL  
IN HIS HANDS-- STARING INTO  
ITS SHADOWED DEPTHS AS IF  
THEY WOULD DRAW THE SHUDDER-  
ING SOUL FROM HIS BODY--

AND THEN--AS  
CONAN LOOKS  
ON IN GROWING  
HORROR--



-- HE REALIZES THAT  
THE HIGH PRIEST IS  
**SHRINKING** IN  
STATURE-- GROWING  
SMALLER, SMALLER  
BEFORE HIS VERY  
EYES--



NOW, THE SCARLET GEM TOWERS  
ABOVE YARA LIKE A HILL--

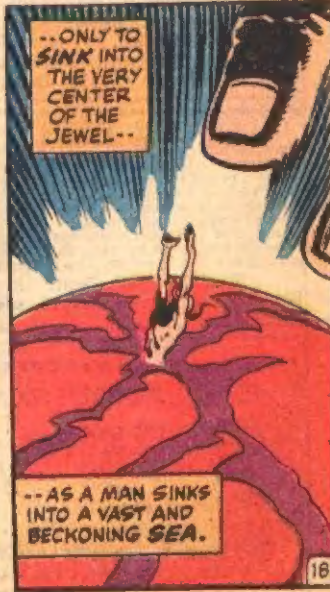


-- FOR SUDDENLY, WITH A FAINTLY  
ECHOING SCREAM, YARA  
CLAMBERS IMPOSSIBLY UP ITS  
SMOOTH SURFACE-- LIKE A  
MAN CLIMBING A  
MOUNTAIN OF  
GLASS--



-- AND IT SEEMS TO CONAN  
THAT SOME GREAT MAGNETIC  
FORCE PULLS THE PRIEST TO  
THE GEM-- A FORCE THE  
PRIEST CANNOT DEFY--

-- ONLY TO  
**SINK** INTO  
THE VERY  
CENTER  
OF THE  
JEWEL--



-- AS A MAN SINKS  
INTO A VAST AND  
BECKONING SEA.



AND NOW, CONAN SEES YARA IN THE CRIMSON HEART OF THE JEWEL-- AS INTO THAT HEART SWOOPS A SHINING, WINGED FIGURE--

YAG-KOSHA!

NO LONGER  
MAIMED--  
NO LONGER  
BLIND!

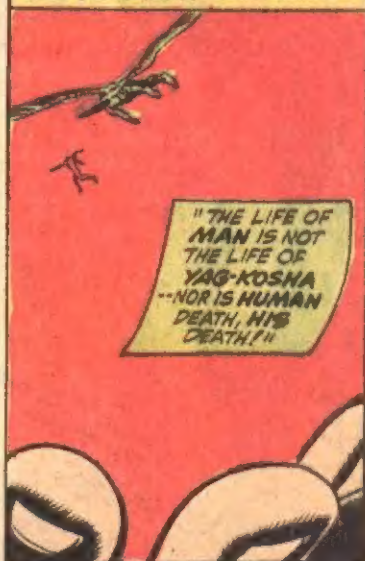


THROWING  
UP HIS ARMS,  
YARA FLEES  
AS A  
MADMAN  
FLEES--

--AND ON HIS HEELS COMES THE  
AVENGER!



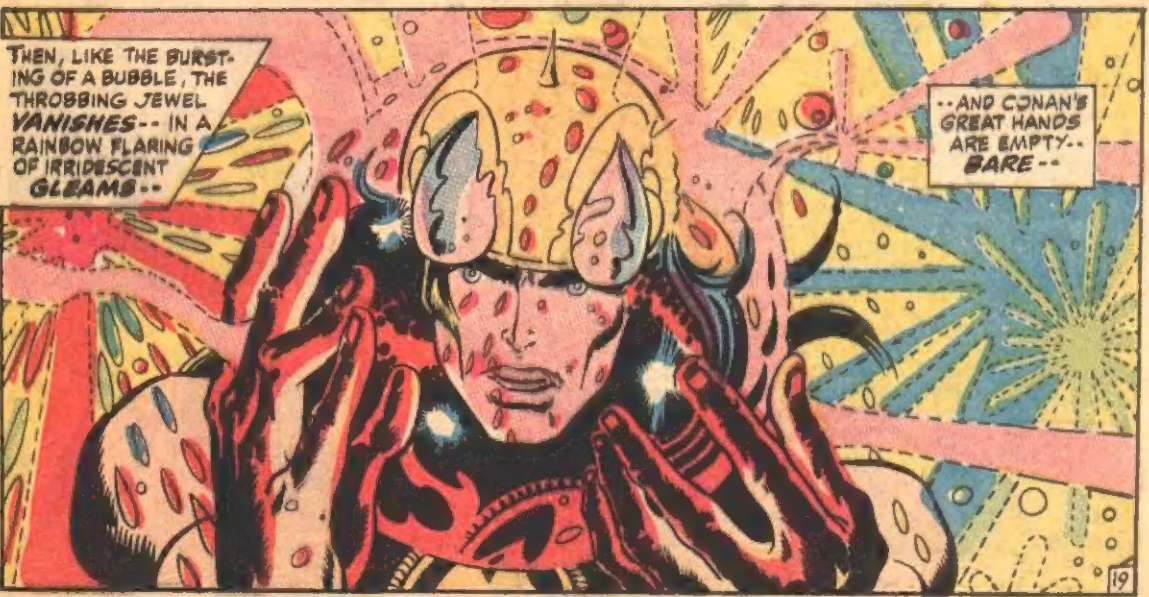
NEXT, AS IF FROM OVER A  
VAST DISTANCE, CONAN HEARS--



"THE LIFE OF  
MAN IS NOT  
THE LIFE OF  
YAG-KOSHA  
--NOR IS HUMAN  
DEATH, HIS  
DEATH!"

THEN, LIKE THE BURST-  
ING OF A BUBBLE, THE  
THROBBING JEWEL  
VANISHES-- IN A  
RAINBOW FLARING  
OF IRRIDESCENT  
GLEAMS--

--AND CONAN'S  
GREAT HANDS  
ARE EMPTY--  
BARE--





...AS BARE,  
CONAN SOMEHOW  
KNOWS, AS THAT  
MARBLE COUCH  
IN THE CHAMBER  
ABOVE MUST BE.



THEN, THE TOWER  
BEGINS TO SHAKE--



CONAN  
TURNS  
AND  
FLEES  
DOWN--  
WARD--



FOR, THE SOLDIERS  
BELOW ARE FOREVER  
STILLED BY MAGIC--  
AND A SILVER DOOR  
STANDS OPEN, FRAMED  
IN THE WHITENESS OF  
DAWN---



OUT INTO THE WAVING GREEN  
GARDENS RUNS THE CIMMERIAN--  
AND, AS THE MORNING WIND  
BLOWS UPON HIM, HE **STARTS**  
LIKE A MAN WAKING FROM A  
NIGHTMARE.

AND, AS HE LOOKS BACK,  
HE SEES THE GLEAMING TOWER  
**SWAY** AMIDST THE CRIMSON  
DAWN-- ITS JEWEL-CRUSTED  
RIM **SPARKLING** IN THE  
GROWING LIGHT--

-- AS THE TOWER OF  
THE ELEPHANT CRASHES  
INTO SHINING SHARDS--!